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The Liberalist

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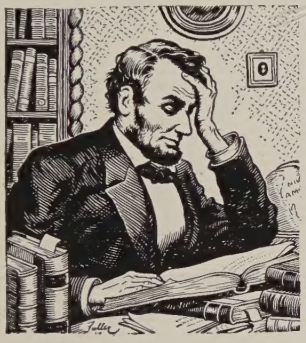


From "ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT"

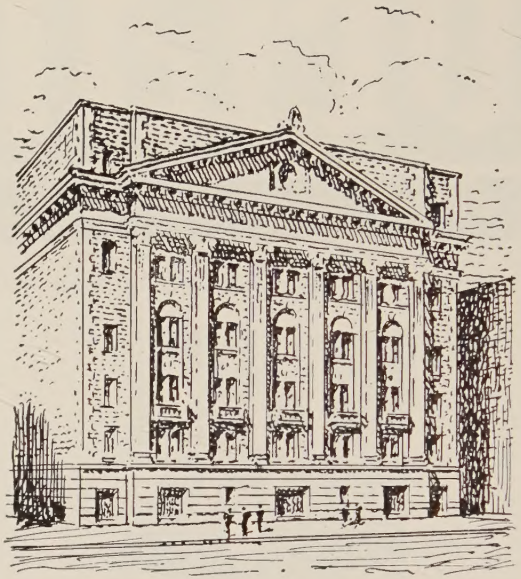
by Vachel Lindsay

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
  Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
  Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
  He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapt shoulders now
  The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
  Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free;
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth
  Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
  That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
  That he may sleep upon his hill again?



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVI *February, 1950* *Number 11*

"WAS LINCOLN A CHRISTIAN?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago

"IT would not be an exaggeration to say that of all the millions and millions of the peoples of the world who have lived and died since the recorded history of mankind began, no single individual of any race, any culture, with the exception of the Poet of Galilee, has ever had more consideration and attention than the life and character and personality of Abraham Lincoln. That seems all the more remarkable, if not incredible, when we think that he has been so recently with us in contrast to the long range of human history itself. To have plowed your way into the morality and ethics of a civilization within a hundred years after one's death is an achievement unparalleled in human history.

If we were to stop for a moment and make a contrast, and I hope I will not be misunderstood in this analogy, we observe that even in the character of Christ himself he did not impress the contemporary generation of which he was a part until more than three centuries had passed away. Though the somewhat debatable conversion of Augustine and Constantine to the cause of the Christ of Galilee took place comparatively soon after the crucifixion of Christ, that conversion may have been for purely political purposes in widening the areas and boundaries of the Roman Empire and utilizing the psychological advantages of accepting a cross which was hated and despised by the people of that empire. No man in human history except Lincoln so quickly after he had lived his life became the focal point of all the moral and ethical beauty that it is possible for the human consciousness to conceive, until when one stands in the presence of Abraham Lincoln one is aware that even though he has not slumbered a hundred years in his own tomb he has implanted himself in the hearts of the ages. To live the kind of life that is so impressively great that one is virtually accepted for that greatness in a large part of human society indicates a quality of soul, a degree of character, that cannot be considered, analyzed, looked at, or emulated too often in our daily experiences.

To me that is indicative of something in the mind and soul of Lincoln that immediately classifies him high on the list of the ten greatest people, by the norm of civilization, which civilization has ever produced. That does not mean that it is localized into one racial group,

or identified with one special culture. When you talk about the world's great we must always consider the universal quality in our estimation of that greatness.

There can be no greatness without the projection of the universal. Truly and eternally great people are great in every area, in every era, and in every culture. Greatness is not a qualitative attribute which can be possessed by races, by creeds, by nations; true greatness is always universal. That is why the geniuses of the world in every civilization and in every race always have the universal appeal. The great creative minds in the field of literature are accepted in every field of literary expression by every race and nation. Mazzini, the Italian philosopher of democracy in Italy, was one of the greatest democratic philosophers that civilization has yet produced. Every word he uttered was a universal truth in the philosophic thinking of democracy. He does not belong to Italy, he belongs to the world. He was one of the sources from whom Abraham Lincoln derived some of his concepts of the philosophy of democratic action and vitality.

Greece owns no mortgage on the immortal and eternal Socrates, probably one of the most heroically minded minds that civilization has yet produced. He is a universal mind, of the subsoil that nourishes the cultures of all subsequent time in every part of the world—that is the universal mind.

In the empires of the world it is the universal mind that makes the contribution to subsequent history. It is true of Russia. The true soul of interpretive genius in the reactions of the slav to the Christian ethics of Christ is Tolstoy, and Tolstoy the Russian is Tolstoy the universal, and it is not until we know Tolstoy in his reactions to the ethics of Christ as we see him in the greatest creative work in many respects of fictional history, the monumental volume "War and Peace," that we find the mind of Tolstoy; and what is it? A universal mind.

The greatness of Britain is never to be found in the magnitude of the diplomatic concepts of a Disraeli who dug a ditch in a desert waste and called it the "Suez Canal" and presented his sovereign, Victoria, with the Empire of India, the collapse of which is being evidenced all about us today; but the part of Britain and the contribution which she gave to civilization that will not collapse is the mind of the universal Shakespeare, and out of that mind of the universal do we see the possibility of an integrated world. It is not the Britain of the King and the Queen; it is not the Britain of the Prime Ministers and the self-interests that lives; it is the Britain of John Stuart Mill, and the Britain of John Milton, and the Britain of Wilberforce and of Shakespeare, and all of these minds were universal minds. And when the history of America is written in the cultural, ethical and moral life of the world, it will not be the history of a flag planted upon the islands of the sea, which was the beginning of a world relationship among the nations of the earth; it will not be the dollar sign; it will not be the height of buildings; it will not be those shimmering lines of steel that cross a continent; it will not be in the bigness of an industrial civilization; it will not be the perfection of the mechanistic gadgets that we claim so essential to the comfort of a modern world; when the history of America is written in the centuries which are yet to unfold in the evolution of man toward the attainment of the high estate, it will be from the mind of Lincoln, and Walt Whitman, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Thoreau. It will be from the minds of the universals that reach out as the waves reach out when a pebble is

dropped into the sea. Those waves never come to rest until they touch the far-off shores of the most distant coastline. So in the culture of a civilization it will only be when the emanations of the thoughts and spiritual vitality of that civilization touch the distant shorelines of human history, that there will be the reverberations of the universal. The one man, almost alone, and exclusively in the history of our nation, to have swept the horizon of history is the miracle of Abraham Lincoln.

And even though no man has been given more careful, analytical, penetrating, thoughtful analysis of every influence that touched his personality in an effort to explain him, no man has explained him. Within the month I spent more than three hours with Carl Sandburg. I was present at that little group that assembled here in the heart of Chicago to help Carl Sandburg commemorate his own seventieth birthday. I have known Carl Sandburg intimately for more than thirty years, and I said to him on that occasion, "Probably you, YOU, of all the men I know who have studied Lincoln, who have spoken about him, and written about him, and deciphered him, you of all his friends and his foes" (for Lincoln has some very ardent and persistent foes who base their judgment upon their own prejudices and have not the sweep of the universal in their own hearts); "you, of all the men I know, with your monumental portrait of the Prairie Years, and the War Years, and The Life of Lincoln, you understand him best," and then I had the presumption to say to him, "Carl Sandburg, I think I know why." Lincoln has had many biographers, among them his own dearest and nearest associates in his law firm who saw him every day, who knew him in politics, and saw him go out into the heat and turmoil of political life. All kinds of people have written and spoken about Lincoln, but it remained for Carl Sandburg to really reveal the heart and soul of Lincoln. And I said, "Carl, I think I know why. It is because there is a spiritual law in the universe, in the cosmos, and that spiritual law basically conditions personalities and principles so that like attracts like, and your sense of the universal, and the Lincoln spiritual emanations of the universal, united you together, and your eyes could see what materialistic brutalities could not penetrate; your heart understood what hearts conditioned by political animosities could not fathom. You consorted with the universal and you found Lincoln."

I challenge any student here today, any student in any high school, college or university, anyone interested in Lincoln, I challenge you to explain Lincoln on any other basis than is to be found in the universal concepts of his mind and heart. You cannot explain him on the basis of heredity. Dale Harrison Richards published lately Lincoln's own biography which he wrote in 1859, the year before he was elected President, at the request of Jesse W. Fell of Bloomington and Normal, and I challenge any student to explain him by his heredity. There is none of the social background that so many people consider very important today. His mother rested upon a straw mattress and the mattress rested on a dirt floor in a little log cabin that had but one window. You cannot explain him by what his father did or was, or his grandfather, or his greatgrandfather, or his mother, grandmother, or greatgrandmother. Don't try to explain Lincoln by heredity, you cannot do it. Don't try to explain Lincoln by environment, you cannot do it. Don't try to explain Lincoln by a merely academic education in the way we think of it. Lincoln could cipher to the rule of three, he learned writing and reading. He knew not a word of

Latin, Greek or any foreign language. There is no possible way in which you can explain this man by the standards that are usually applied as we seek explanations of other people. You cannot explain him by any of these things. There is only one answer. History does not make men; men make history, and all human personality is the pattern of the cosmos. I say to you as certainly as I stand in this pulpit this morning that there is no way to explain certain things that take place in the historical processes of men and society except in terms of that pattern. Nobody yet knows why Japan did not follow the attack on Pearl Harbor by taking Hawaii, the Aleutians and Alaska. Nobody today can tell us, (and I asked General Eisenhower that question once here in Chicago) after Dunkerque, why Hitler did not invade England and the peace be made in Buckingham Palace. No one knows. There are great moments in history when something walks into the situation that stands inexplicable in the minds of men and they try to analyse and figure it out and speak about it and discuss it, and they give this and that reason, and it all tumbles down until you are face to face with a pattern of human history that will not stand defeat or deflection. So I believe *THERE ARE MOMENTS IN HUMAN HISTORY WHEN GOD STEPS INTO THE AFFAIRS OF MEN!*

We may be very close to one of those moments now. I think we are, and when that moment comes you will see a personality arise whose contribution in that moment may make our vision clear. There may be much about him that would be subject to criticism and antagonism as there was with Lincoln, but the work is done, the personality lives!

How insignificant then does the character and spirit of Lincoln become if we try to put it into the mold of one church, creed, or religion! *ABRAHAM LINCOLN KNEW NOT THE NARROW, SECTARIAN BOUNDARY LINES OF CREED OR CHURCH, HE BELONGED TO THEM ALL; AND HE BELONGED TO NONE!* It is only in the divine paradoxes of life, when one can belong to them all and belong to none, that you sweep the universal in the mind of the eternal. So the little, petty emphases and quarrels and theological bickerings of quasi-illiterate people, and the fears and superstitions that have motivated so much of religion, had nothing to do with Lincoln. He stood above them all in his great sweep of the universal. Just as another stood when he was able to say: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

That is the universal, and in the final manipulation of nations and men, in that final and ultimate synchronizing of our modern civilization that is inevitable, when that moment dawns, when the nations and the races of the world know that self-preservation demands self-development and co-operation, when we catch the spirit of that and the universality of Christ percolates into the human consciousness, then you will see the greatness of the true contribution of Abraham Lincoln, the universal, a reality, not merely a hoax, a *REALITY!* That is why Lincoln lives and will live!

Why do great and eternal men live? Why do Socrates and Plato and Christ and Lincoln live? Why are they alive now? Why are they more alive than they have ever been? Why do they live? *BECAUSE THEY ARE ETERNAL, AND ETERNAL MEN DON'T DIE, AND ETERNAL PRINCIPLES DON'T DIE, AND THE CIVILIZATION THAT STAYS WILL BE THE CIVILIZATION BUILT UPON THOSE ETERNAL PRINCIPLES!*

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

I AM thinking in terms of developing a mental attitude toward life and its problems which will always constitute fortification and will always result in your having power, physical and spiritual, to defeat any intruder that would attempt to bring you anguish, pain or sorrow. One of the first things to do is to wipe out of your mind the little word "if,"—wipe it out root and branch. Don't say, "If I hadn't gone there I wouldn't have met him." "If I only hadn't done that, it wouldn't have happened." If you had not done it—but you did! So that's where you have to begin!

Face your problem! Immediately decide what is the worst that can possibly happen to you if you cannot solve it. Then start trying to solve it to the best of your ability. Don't waste time with "if." The problem is there. Sometimes it helps to write out the problem. Then write out the worst that can happen if you don't solve it. Very often you find that even though the worst happened, it wouldn't be a too tragic situation. You could solve it. The trouble is, we always think we must either solve it or worry ourselves to death. So we worry away a long time before we face the problem and try to solve it. Then, too, there really are problems that sometimes work themselves out and we find we needn't have worried at all. Often, before we start thinking at all, we just worry.

Now when you start out to try and solve the problem, have faith in yourself—a self-confidence that is not merely an egotism—not an unjustified emphasis of self-importance, but a renewal of the dignity of yourself that you are important; that no matter what circumstance has happened to you, it has not annihilated your own dignity; the idea that you are important. If I could get that into the heads and minds of the depressed, the ill, the tired, the disillusioned, the ones who have had people turn against them, for the problems are no more powerful than you permit them to be. Every man is the master of his own citadel. Nothing can touch you unless you permit it. Nothing can destroy you unless you first open the door. The dignity and the importance of that conception is one of the great forces that make for remedy and healing.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 a.m.
Sunday Evening Service—Not Broadcast..... 7:30 p.m.
The Sunday Evening Service is always preceded by an organ concert
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley..... 8:00 p.m.
Book Lectures for February
February 1—"The Parasites".....Daphne du Maurier
February 8—"My Three Years in Moscow"....Walter Bedell Smith
February 15—"Gentian Hill".....Elizabeth Goudge
February 22—"The Coming Defeat of Communism"..James Burnham
Woman's Club—February 6th and 20th—Anderson Hall..... 1:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club, February 14th and 28th... 8:00 p.m.
Men's Club (4th Monday of each month) February 27th..... 8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players—Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St., MIchigan 2-3105
Drama Teas, 1st Sunday of the month, Anderson Hall..... 4:00 p.m.
Auditions, 1149 N. LaSalle St., 3rd Sunday..... 3:00 p.m.
Plays, three performances each month at
Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St.
Evenings—8:30 Sunday Matinee 4:00 p.m.
Channing Club (young people of High School age)
1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.
Usher's Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon... 3:00 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon..... 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

At their February Drama Tea, The Uptown Players will have the distinct pleasure and privilege of presenting their Founder-Director, J. Bradley-Griffin, in a recital version of that much talked about Broadway musical success, SOUTH PACIFIC. All of us are familiar with Mr. Bradley-Griffin's outstanding ability as a dramatic recitalist and those of us who saw and heard his recital version of "Carousel" will remember the delightful surprise we had when we heard him sing for the first time. In SOUTH PACIFIC he has another surprise in store for his listeners. Not only does he play the "hits" from the show, such as "Some Enchanted Evening," "This Nearly Was Mine," "Younger Than Springtime," "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy," and many others, but he will play his own accompaniment as well! It promises to be a wonderful afternoon. Mrs. Charles S. Clark, Mrs. Preston Bradley, Patricia Stevens, Mrs. James E. Lukey, Mrs. Charles Winters and Mrs. Patricia Evans are to be the Guests of Honor. Glenn Anders, of the cast of "Light Up the Sky," has also promised to be present. This interesting Drama Tea will be held on Sunday afternoon, February 5, at 4 o'clock, in Anderson Hall of The Peo-

ples Church. Admission is only 90c, including Federal Tax, which not only gives you first-class entertainment, but coffee or tea and cake as well. Why not plan to spend the afternoon with The Uptown Players, have some refreshments, and then go up to hear Dr. Bradley's evening service.

The February production of The Players at the 11th Street Theatre, 72 East 11th Street, will be Samuel Spewak's rollicking new farce, TWO BLIND MICE. Once again our audiences will have the pleasure of seeing our popular comedy team of Jane Lilli and Mary Holmberg as two charming old ladies. This time they operate the Office of Seeds and Standards which Congress abolished four years ago but no one bothered to notify the Department of the Interior or the Treasury Department. If you want to see how involved government bureaucracy can get, come and see this hilarious comedy. Opening performance will be Thursday evening, February 9; followed by a performance on Saturday evening, February 11, both at 8:30; with a final performance on Sunday afternoon, February 12, at 3 o'clock. Tickets for the Thursday evening and Sunday afternoon performances are $1.75 including Federal tax, and $2.10 including Federal Tax for the Saturday evening performance.

The Uptown Players also take pleasure in announcing that their Founder-Director, J. Bradley-Griffin, has been asked by Patricia Stevens, of the famous modeling school, to be the director of her new drama school for children and 'teen-agers. Miss Stevens has long felt the need for this department in her work and stated that she knew of no one other than Mr. Bradley-Griffin, who could meet her requirements. The school is now accepting enrollments and classes will begin around the first of March. For further information write Patricia Stevens Models Finishing School, 30 West Washington Street, Chicago 2, Illinois; or call STate 2-1781.

For their March production at the 11th Street Theatre, The Players have selected a rather unusual mystery-drama entitled THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER. This is another of the plays which they have been privileged to present this season for the first time in Chicago. This interesting play will open Thursday, March 9, at 8:30, and will play Saturday, March 11, at 8:30, and Sunday afternoon, at 3:00. For details and information, simply write the Uptown Players, 1149 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago 10, Illinois, or phone MIchigan 2-3105.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

For their first February meeting, which will be in charge of the Conservation Department, the Woman's Club is devoting the program to "Youth Conservation." Mr. Ramon Girvin, Music Director of the Chicago Boys Club, will be the guest speaker and his subject will be "Finding the Boy Through the Medium of Music."

Guest artist will be Dennis Burke, baritone, member of the Chicago Boys Club. Mrs. J. Patterson is chairman and hostess of the evening.

On Monday, February 20th, at 1:00 o'clock, in Anderson Hall, the Women's Club will hold its Annual Birthday Party and Reception to New Members. Mrs. Jacob Tolk is Chairman, and Mrs. Paul Raabe, Co-Chairman.

This is to be a surprise program, but always this party has been looked forward to with very pleasurable anticipation. It is always well attended and a party to be long remembered.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Neysa Smith, numerologist and psychologist, is to be the guest speaker at

the February 14th meeting of the club. Chairman of the evening will be Mrs. Florence Curtis. The public is invited to this interesting evening. There will be refreshments, and a guest fee of 50c.

On February 28th, "Famous Memorials in the United States" will be discussed by members of the club.

Mrs. Rosalind Burtchby, Program Chairman, is in charge of the evening. This will be an open meeting, men and women welcome. There will be refreshments and no admission charge.

The January 24th meeting of the Business Woman's Club was very well attended.

Miss Dorothy Richardson's lovely soprano voice, her charming personality and dramatic interpretation all portend a rich and successful future for this young lady. Mr. LeRoy Wetzel, her first teacher, was her accompanist. On March 7th, Miss Richardson is to give a recital at Northwestern University, and the club was very fortunate in hearing her in advance of the recital.

The speaker of the evening, Mrs. Patricia Evans of the Mid-West Institute of Chicago (28 E. Jackson Blvd.), gave interesting experiences from her work in connection with sponsoring Dale Carnegie classes in the Chicago area, as she developed her subject, "Get the Most Out of Life."

DALE CARNEGIE CLASS OPENS IN PEOPLE'S CHURCH

On Monday, January 30th, the Dale Carnegie Class CH247 held its first meeting in the Peoples Church. The basic course will be taught and the class will meet Monday and Thursday evenings from 6:30 to 10:40 p.m. The early evening sessions will be in charge of three directors and special instructors will conduct the later sessions. This is a sixteen-week session. The course is approved for G-I students.

MEN'S CLUB

The February meeting of the Men's Club will be held on Monday evening, February 27th, in Anderson Hall. This will be an outstanding show and exhibit, particularly attractive to those who are fascinated by the speed of modern aircraft and the penetration of unknown areas in the sky. The guest speaker will be the inventor of the first space-ship, a rocket-propelled ship that will go skyward twice as high as any other type of airplane. He will have with him for exhibition, photos, diagrams and the rocket motor he uses. This motor develops 5,650 to 6,000 horse power and uses a special patented type of fuel.

The speaker is Captain Eugene Maynor, highly regarded for his accomplishments in both branches of the service, the Navy and the Army.

This summer he will be the center of attraction, when he will take off from the lake here at Chicago in his ship and will pilot it skyward as high as his fuel will carry him, and then will glide downward, attempting to land as nearly as possible at the spot where he took off.

There will be unusual interest attached to this demonstration from a scientific standpoint, as well as the public attraction. Hundreds of thousands of people are expected to witness the exhibition, and plans are now under way to accommodate the crowds. The whole area at Montrose Beach is to be roped off for this demonstration. The Navy and Army and the Weather Bureau are all interested in seeing the demonstration and the National Geographic Society will put the instruments in the plane for ascertaining the record when he comes down.

Captain Maynor will have with him at the Men's Club meeting on the 27th, Howard P. Markey, a Major in the Army, official jet test pilot for the

United States Army,—one of the best. Recently he flew a jet plane from Milwaukee to Chicago, a distance of 87 miles, in less than seven minutes; a speed of over 700 miles per hour. He is an eloquent speaker, an authority on planes and speed, and well worth hearing.

At their meeting of January 23rd, Charles E. Mason, guest speaker on Lincoln, held a full house spellbound with his combination of humor and pathos. His outstanding Barber Shop Quartette was greatly enjoyed and the evening will be long remembered by all present.

HARMONIC RELATIONSHIP

IN late summer, on my return from Europe, on our little island home up in Lake Vermilion in northern Minnesota, I was quite alone one perfect day. Sitting on a big rock, I was looking up into the sky that had not a cloud in it—it was that indescribable blue which always indicates infinity. There were old pines around me, this limitless sky above me, occasionally the flight of a seagull in all its beauty swept across my vision; there was the melody of song sparrows and black-throated green warblers in my ears and the songs of little American goldfinches flying around in the bushes nearby.

It was so quiet that even the water itself did not ripple against the rock. There had been some particularly distressing news in the world that morning and there was anxiety in our hearts about many things, and all at once in the book I was reading I came across the words "Making melody in your hearts." I thought of the impending disasters that people are always being told are just about to happen. I thought of the breakdown of the equipment by which man was trying to build an integrated world. I thought of all the frustration, the hate, the voices of doom and the prophets of despair, and the voices of those who said "The world is going to come to an end and is about to smash in a great cataclysmic upheaval."

I heard all of this and saw it all in that unforgettable moment which I had on that little island of mine, and then—the blue sky, the gulls, the song of birds, and—"Melody in our hearts!" Do you know how that moment affected me? Should we accept all this, I thought, without protest? Should we simply resign ourselves in the presence of gloomy forecasting and foreboding in any moment of our lives, and just accept it as inevitable? What values in the ceaseless, never-ending ages are always kept intact? Do you think anything happens permanently to truth? I don't! Do you think anything happens permanently to goodness? Well, I don't! Do you think anything has permanently happened to the dreams of nations and the hopes of man? Do you think that the divine melody of continuity, proportion, harmony, adjustment is a law that has been permanently violated by the viciousness, egoism and avarice of men? I don't! Do you think that we are in a cosmos where discord is the only reality and harmony is such a fragile thing that it can be destroyed by the animalistic qualities of man? Well, I don't! Do you think, young man and young woman, that we are in a world where the dreams, hopes and ideals that motivate the human spirit are to be permanently suppressed? I don't!

I never believed more in the perma-

nency of the excellent and the perpetuity of the divine harmony which holds the cosmos in its hands—I never believed more in the dignity and greatness and beauty of the human soul—I never believed more in the worthwhileness of man: I never believed more in what I think is a truth which can be demonstrated again and again, —that man can bathe his hands even in blood and man can destroy and burn, can disintegrate and decay, and yet there is a divine melody in the inner soul of man which nothing can destroy, and that if we, as individuals, will find a way by which we can keep our ears and hearts attuned to the divine melody in our souls—triumphant achievements can come to each one of us.

Take a broken life—a life in deep trouble and saturated with despair—a life just agonizing in the midst of its own disintegration, everything apparently wrong, friends untrue, business gone to pieces, all sense of values lost, and we get a twisted personality—a vacillating personality—the life crashes in unutterably tragedy—all of which could be avoided! A note of discord in a great symphony of artistic loveliness is a note that cannot find its way into the relationship of the ensemble of the thing that is trying to be done in the field of music. The discord is the chord that says "I will go on my own; I will not obey the laws of harmony; I will not obey the laws of unity, which are the fundamentals in great artistry—and all the tragedy of discord is the result. I think most people start in the wrong way in trying to establish harmony and melody in the heart. They think in terms of their own relationships that are closest to them first, and they assume that would be the place to begin. I don't think it is at all. There is an eternal spirit and everlasting melody and rhythm of the cosmos, and every single fundamental deviation from that melody means discord and tragedy. Any individual who establishes that relationship first will find that that relationship will vitally affect every other relationship within the area, and the problem they found so difficult as they thought of it objectively and directly related to some experience close to them, becomes illuminated and clears up. You say to yourself, "I am another personality, with a clearer vision than I had. I was confused because I was trying to make over everybody else in the light of my own standards." We are constantly confusing the question of harmony by an intensification of the objective problems about us. Our own little world of selfishness in which we tried to mold everybody else to fit that mold no longer exists. We have listened to the eternal melody of divine love. Where there is discord there can be no melody. And when the mind and heart sing songs of melody, there is health, strength and the eternal beauty of the spheres. Then what would happen to bitterness?

I wish you knew what your own hates create in your own life. I wish you knew what your misunderstandings and the cruelty of your words and phrases do to you. I wish more people knew what it does to them to hate their fellowmen. I wish that knowledge was more available to everyone. It is available; the trouble is, we do not choose to incorporate it into our daily experiences of life, so we hate, we criticise, we condemn, and we become self-centered and think the whole universe is directed against our own security, our sense of protection and happiness. Why don't you forget personal pride? Why don't you let harmony take possession and hold full sway? Why not let it hold sway at your office desk? Why don't you let it soften and sweeten every relationship of life? Why don't you have

the courage to be your BEST SELF? You have a best self, you know. Why not let it shine through your pride, your obstinacy, your cynicism. The most vicious, the meanest, the most cynical, most earthbound, materialistically-minded person has a best self—has in him a part of the eternal. And every person living in discord-house can change all that, so when you go to see people they will not say "O, *here* they are," but will say with a lift of the voice, "Oh, good; here they *are!*"

My friend, Frank H. Keith of Chicago, recently sent me this lovely little poem which he calls "From Under a Tree:"

"The brilliance of stars
Ceases almost to be
For those who stand under
A strong, spreading tree . . .

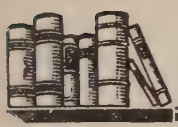
Beneath the long branches
We see only sod
And are blind to the infinite
Necklace of God.

And we stand under trees
Every dawn, every day:
We stand before beauty
And see but the clay!!

We let a strange nose
Or a deep-furrowed brow
Color our concepts,
And we will allow

The faults of the flesh
That struggled and wrought
To cover the splendor
The spirit has brought . . .

And we constantly judge
The people we see
Just as we judge the stars
From under a tree!"



BOOK CHATS

DO you remember Walter B. Pitkin? Probably if I mention "Life Begins At 40" you will. That book brought new courage to millions of people and international fame to its author. Walter Pitkin, long before he wrote that book, had taught thousands not only to write, but to live creatively, in his work as Professor of Newspaper and Magazine Writing at Columbia University. He has had a rich and full pattern of living which included lecturing on psychology and current affairs, editorial positions on leading New York newspapers, the Advisory Board of Parents Magazine, managing editorship of Encyclopedia Britannica, some work in Hollywood and the authorship of four best sellers.

Mr. Pitkin has now written a book which he calls "Road to a Richer Life," a book which shows how to make your daily life worth living. It's the daily life that counts most of all. We all of us have some high points in life and most of us have or have had our low ones, too, when life has looked pretty difficult; but the days in between are more in number and every one of them is important, or it should be, for these are the days we want to get the most out of. Mr. Pitkin says his book is for all men and women young enough to crave a richer life, and vigorous enough to seek it, and intelligent enough to grasp the methods of attaining it." And

"that we can help even more those parents who want to prepare their children for the richer life long before the children understand its design. Any man who follows our road to a richer life will gain fresh powers unlike those of the little Hitlers and the pep-and-punch boys (as he calls them). Any woman who goes our way will gain new charms which age cannot wither nor custom stale."

At the beginning of his second chapter which he calls "This Way In," he asks the question "Why read this book?" Then here are some of the answers he gives to his own question: "The better to live a long life and a merry one. The better to cash in on your losses. The better to live serenely by thinking things through. The better to see straight in a cockeyed world. The better to be happy, even though intelligent. The better to take things as they are, without being crushed by them. The better to expect nothing and enjoy much. The better to find something to live for. The better to make your day's work your life work. The better to laugh like sixty, even if you are eighty (or only twenty). To make your life worth living, even in a world of groans and moans, ought to be well worth all the trouble you may have with this book."

Perhaps you can guess from those few quotations that you will be meeting a man who writes in a tangy, hard-hitting and easy-to-read style. His idea in this book is that no one can stand still; you either go forward or you slip back, and the desirable pattern is an upward spiral; a constantly ascending movement around a center of interest. Walter Pitkin believes that the world changes and man must change with it; that the world is changing at top speed and man at bottom speed, but that man is changing. The Atomic Age offers infinite benefits and delights to coming generations, but to reap the rewards people must first know what to do with new things. If anyone is sure they are now doing their best and can get no more out of life, then he advises them to lay the book down. But he thinks no living man or woman is doing even half of what almost any average healthy human can do.

I like the format of this book. On so many pages, as one thumbs through it, are several lines in bold-face type, so that when some of these lines which stand out so clearly attract the reader, he may browse around that special part of the book. It isn't necessary to start at the beginning, yet no matter what attracts one the most, I am sure no one will want to miss the beginning eventually, or the end or any part of the middle. It is a fascinating book. Some of his chapter headings are: *Find Rules as You Live—What Makes Life Worth Living?*—Those are in the introduction, which is followed by Book II, called *The Long Road Up;* Book III, *The Short Road Down,* and Book IV, *The Great Life.* At the close of the book Mr. Pitkin has a chapter on *Wise Courage* in which he points out that it "takes life to love life. But it takes more to make life worth living. . . . Few Americans see life in the large. Few see the world as it is. All see many points along the spiral of living. Few see the spiral as a whole. Still fewer even try to look ahead as much as five years. So they have too many minor choices and too few great Causes. For this, blame their parents and their teachers. They have, for many years been letting children do as they please. They have been allowing them to pursue every childish pleasure and to avoid every unpleasant duty. They have deliberately prolonged childhood, arguing that 'you're young only once. Have a good time while you can.' They have removed children from the real world and exposed them to a

fake world made up of dreams and talk and hearsay and memories. So millions of young people and young adults today are bewildered and frightened by the real world. They are also irresponsible. They have always left hard tasks to older people or to those who did the hard work for cash. Lacking skill in difficult tasks, these same millions are afraid to work. . . . Of all hard work, most of all they hate the work of thinking about unpleasantness and troubles. . . . What they don't know can't hurt them; so they strive to know nothing excepting what they must know in order to have fun."

Mr. Pitkin in this final chapter expresses the opinion that the new generation wants to be safe rather than free. . . . That "he is a rare soul who insists upon going his own way alone. Most people growing up in the Atomic Age accept orders from the boss and ideas from the boss' house organ. They find it safer to have no opinions reached independently. They live Borrowed Lives. For there is no fight left in them. . . ." Walter Pitkin sees a great crisis coming, maybe next year and again maybe a quarter-century from now, and . . . "the burden of battle will fall upon you who live great lives for the Cause of the Race. Do you want to live the Great Life? Then stop thinking of yourself as one of the boys. Start to think of yourself as a force of Nature. Some fine day ten thousand years hence, one of your descendants may be talking with neighbors on the third planet of the ninth sun four light-years inside of the nearest galaxy. Long before that day, another descendant may be taking a treatment in a cosmic ray bath house, to add another century to his life, already three centuries old. Men may never do that; but they will reach heights which would be unattainable, except with your help. Keep going toward the unseen ends of man, certain that some day men will annex the stars. . . . Be wise enough to know the worth of what you dream and reach for. Be bold enough to seize all that is worth having."

* * *

I read a book last week which had on the fly-leaf this quotation from the writings of Franklin. Benjamin Franklin said: "I early found out that when I worked for myself alone, myself alone worked for me, but when I worked for others also, others also worked for me." The title of the book was: "Winning Your Way With People," written by Mr. K. C. Ingram.

I have always loved people and in my work I am very fortunate in this respect, for I meet people in all walks of life and people who are interested in a great variety of organizations. This makes my life very interesting. And I find that when people come to me with their troubles, which they naturally do very often, in fact every day of my life, there really isn't a great variety to the problems. The troubles we get into in life generally involve other people as well as ourselves. And you have no idea of the truly pitiful letters I receive concerning families; sometimes it is just the immediate family; but very often it concerns in-law trouble. There are also letters where people in business cannot get along with their associates, the people they work with, or the people who are their employes, or the ones who employ them. Getting along with people, people, people—that seems to be the difficulty, until I am just about convinced that if we were to have a Human Relations Course taught from grammar school on up, including classes for adults in Human Relations, there wouldn't be any more effective means established anywhere that would tend more to create peace in this world.

When a man decides to be a salesman, what does he do, if he has good

judgment? He takes a course in salesmanship; in fact the company he sells for probably has such a course established for his training. There isn't anything more important in life than selling ourselves to each other, in order to get along well together, yet there probably is no more neglected art than the art of getting along with people. Mr. Ingram certainly has proved that he knows how to win his way, since he has been a newspaper editor, an advertising man, and is now Assistant to the President of the Southern Pacific Railroad, dealing with public and employee relations.

There is something very unique about the book, for at the end of it are two and a half pages on which Mr. Ingram has listed sixteen other books all written with the idea of helping people in this same problem, approaching the subject from various angles. One understands the author a bit better, just by reading these dedication words on a front fly-leaf: "To my wife, Iris, whose ability to live with me for nearly a quarter of a century proves that it is possible to get along with difficult people." Mr. Ingram writes in such a delightfully conversational style that to start reading it anywhere makes one want to continue on and on. In a foreword the author opens with a number of questions: not trite, but interest-getting and compelling questions, such as this: "Why do you suppose some people you know have such a good time in life? How is it that they seem to get things done so easily? Why do they have such 'good luck'? . . . What is the secret of their magiclike touch in dealing with other people? Can we learn it and use it in our own everyday lives? . . . What are people like, anyhow, and why do they act the way they do? . . . We invite you to look into these interesting and important matters with us. This book makes it easy for you. We examine the life stories of actual people who live lives such as yours. In these true stories of success and failure, of joy and tragedy, of life and death, we find certain clues to why people act as they do. We check these clues against the findings of modern psychologists and the conclusions of the world's great teachers. We check them again against the practical experiences several thousand persons have related in conferences on human relations. Finally, the results are put together in a simple philosophy of personal action. This is stated in a few words as a principle that runs through the book. But along with the principles there are suggested scores of specific methods of successfully dealing with people in the small details of everyday living." Mr. Ingram says, "We ask you to look at these suggestions and see if they make sense. If they do, try out the suggestions in your dealings with others in your office or shop or home; try them out with acquaintances, or in the baffling relations with the opposite sex. See if you don't get magiclike results!"

Mr. Ingram admits that none of us can be perfect in human relations, for humankind can't stand perfection. He recalls that the Persian rugmakers purposely weave an error in design, for they say, "Only Allah is perfect." "People like a little human fallibility. A diamond-in-the-rough who means well, no matter how awkward he may be, endears himself to his associates; but nobody likes a slicker," according to Mr. Ingram, and I certainly agree with him. His book doesn't offer slick methods of manipulating people, but it does give plenty of specific methods of getting ideas across to people, all tied to an underlying principle of living and working in harmony with people. If you seem to have more than your share of difficult people to deal with,

this book is especially for you. At the end of every chapter the author has a summation of that chapter. This repetition of the main ideas is very helpful. He has a section of the book dealing with the *Family Circle—Haven or Arena.* One is called *Habits Make or Break You,* an extremely helpful part of the book. Instead of letting your habits take you in tow, Mr. Ingram suggests we take our habits in tow and make our habits our magic-working slave. It's quite a novel idea, or way of putting it, and he claims that failing to get along with people is just a habit, and when you come to think about it, how true that is, for the person who gets into difficulty with another, is apt to get into difficulties with many persons, and that is not an accident. Getting along with people can just as easily become a habit. And what a lot of cooperation you will get from such a well-established habit!

I defy anyone to read Part 6 of Mr. Ingram's book, Winning Your Way With People, without taking some definite action. How these sentences intrigue us! "HABIT, YOUR MAGIC-WORKING SLAVE;—CAN YOU BEAR TO FACE THE MIRROR: TURN YOUR MISTAKES INTO ASSETS": and, so very important, the last one, "LET HABITS WORK *FOR* YOU."

The author closes with this paragraph: *"So, in the humdrum of everyday life, we may find the touch, the common touch, with other human beings.* . . . We shall get a sense of harmony with other people and gain their respect, affection, and good will. They will be tolerant of our faults and failures. Hands that *held us back* will *help us forward.* We will rally to ourselves the support of the people around us—people *who will make, not break us."*

The Strength of Quietness

DAILY I cross the great Michigan Boulevard Bridge which spans the Chicago River. That river runs alongside of this great building from which I am now speaking to you—the Tribune Tower. Many of my listeners have probably crossed that bridge. It is built on two levels. On the upper level ride sleek limousines, and it carries the general street traffic of those who ride and walk. Down below, on the other level, the trucks come and go. When the great bridge is raised to permit a ship to pass, it is done so quietly and noiselessly that as you stand and watch it, as I often have, there seems to be no effort at all. Great pillars of steel go down into the earth and the mechanism which lifts the bridge is so constructed that the shifting of a few ounces, under the law of balance, lifts the mighty span. You don't see the machinery, you don't hear it operate, but the work is done; and when the bridge is lowered, the two parts quietly join, the traffic is resumed, and life goes on in the heart of a tumultuous, throbbing city. So it is with life. The most powerful forces are not heard. They are quiet and silent.

No one ever heard a sunrise. No one ever heard the law of gravitation. No one ever heard the beauty and power of love. The upper level moves along in rhythmic beauty, but underneath, on the lower level are the forces that keep, maintain and preserve those on the upper. So in every life there are deep under-currents of our lives which the world may not see, may not understand, but they give beauty and

strength and character to life itself.

We need the quiet influences of life, the still, small voice. These influences are found in a simple prayer, a lovely poem, in beautiful music, in the face of a morning flower, in the beauty and the glory of the heart of a friend. It is these influences which are so necessary to help us face the challenge that we all must meet, day after day. Noise is not necessarily growth. Activity is not necessarily getting somewhere. To know this is to know one of life's most valuable truths. To practice it is to strengthen our lives.

My friend Max Ehrmann said: "Go placidly amid the noise and the haste and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant. They, too, have their story." Yes, many of the powerful forces are quiet and silent.

Across the length and breadth of pioneer Indiana, and throughout the new West, finally to a resting place among the people he loved, strode one of the strangest figures the world has ever known. His real name is now almost forgotten, but Johnny Appleseed continues to live in the minds of men. John Chapman, of Scotch ancestry, born in Springfield, Mass., in September, 1744, lived a life enveloped in a curious philosophy, gathering legendary lustre, and shining through the mists of time as an odd, strange, beautiful symbol of quiet service to others. Thus lives the memory of this modern Saint Francis, who became the patron Saint of the Orchard. This quiet little boy came into the world at a time of strife and rebellion, and when thousands of emigrants were joining earlier ones along the fringe of the American seaboard states in long trains of covered wagons, winding their way across the Alleghenies into the Indian country—Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. Yet, in this movement, when every man was for himself, stood this lad whose innermost nature was entirely altruistic. The Swedenborgen philosophy that was fast spreading throughout the Eastern States, he found to be in perfect complement with his quiet nature, because it laid special emphasis upon the spiritual connection of God with nature in every manifestation of life, and he became a missionary along the Potomac River. Finally he and his brother started west.

At one of their stops in New York, an old bachelor named John Winote often talked about wanting an apple orchard like he had in his childhood back in the East. Other pioneers wanted orchards as well, and thus was born in the mind of a boy one of the greatest and most original altruistic schemes for the betterment of pioneer conditions in the West. A dream, in which he was told to sew seeds that should bloom and bear fruit, bringing joy and happiness to the earth, inspired him to go west with appleseeds and sow them wherever he went. Before he left, he and his brother, Nathaniel, planted their first nursery in his Uncle's neighborhood, where they had been staying. Thus began fifty years of a quiet labor of love. "You are John Chapman now," said Winote, "but some day you will be known as Johnny Appleseed." He crossed and re-crossed the middle-west country many times. His whole life's mission was to do good. He had no fear, perhaps because no one feared him; and the Indians looked upon him as one in communication with the great Spirit.

From the cider presses in the fall, he gathered seeds, and then when spring came he went across country, wherever he could get permission to throw his seeds, and every apple or-

chard in the middle west is an eternal memorial to him,—a man who led a quiet, but a strong and effective life. Such a memorial is better than marble monuments and his life is one of the great epics of this nation of ours. . . .

The world is full of people with quiet strength; we rub shoulders with them every day in the street car and bus. Their names aren't written in headlines on any city paper; except to a few of their friends or to their immediate families they are unknown. When we are in great trouble, to whom do we gravitate, as though we were drawn to them by a magnet;—to those people of quiet strength, who stand by their friends, who lend an ear to our difficulties, who give us advice when asked, and withhold their criticism even when it may be deserved.

The people of quiet strength are the backbone of the world. They are not the brilliant meteors that once in a great while blaze a trail across the heavens; they are the quiet little twinkling stars that hold their place in the sky, not trying to be especially spectacular, but doing their part in the space they fill and doing it quietly and well, to the best of their limitations. How much we owe to the strong, quiet, faithful lives of this earth, and how often we forget to be grateful to them.

"Tell Him Now"

"If, with pleasure you are viewing
Any work a man is doing;
If you like it or approve it, tell him now.
Don't withhold your approbation,
Till the parson makes oration,
And he lies with snow-white lilies on his brow;
For no matter how you shout it,
He won't hear a word about it;
He won't know how many teardrops you have shed.
If you think some praise is due him,
Now's the time to give it to him;
He can't read what's on his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame, and more than money,
Is the comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty, warm approval of a friend;
And it gives his life a savor,
And it makes him stronger, braver,
And it gives him heart and spirit to the end.
If he earns your praise, bestow it;
Now's the time to let him know it;
Let the words of true encouragement be said.
Do not wait till life is over,
And he's underneath the clover;
He can't read what's on his tombstone when he's dead."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

WHEN January plays the trick of turning on the heat—the thermometer registering in the sixties the past few days—melting what snow and ice there was and drawing the frost out of the ground, leaving it soft and soggy, and walks and street wet as though from rain, while of course there have been numerous heavy showers with thunder accompaniment, and Chicago has been blanketed with fog thick enough to cut out in chunks, the scene is one of such complete drabness, folks are left limp, wholly without ambition or inspiration! All summed up the question arises, What or how can one write anything cheery or worth reading? Why not do this: all of us gather around the Mail Bag and we'll go through it quite thoroughly; there are sure to be many interesting letters; we will pick out choice comments, expressions of pleasure or gratitude for church services or for Dr. Bradley's broadcasts—anyway, let's see "what's about."

Just to show you the types of people, with varied interests, that listen to and write Dr. Bradley, here is a letter regarding a book review from Bennet B. Harvey, Vice-President of Trade Publishing Division of Rand McNally Company:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: On behalf of Rand McNally & Company and also the authors I want to express deep appreciation for the wonderful review you gave MY AMERICAN HERITAGE the other evening over the air. A publisher sometimes dreams of a review such as you gave, but very seldom do these dreams develop into the real thing.

"Rand McNally & Company really believes in MY AMERICAN HERITAGE and your confirmation of our belief is most gratifying.

Yours very sincerely,
Rand McNally & Company,
Bennet B. Harvey,
Vice-President,
Trade Publishing Division."

* * *

A telegram Dr. Bradley was happy to receive and I am sure it cannot help but be of interest to all, considering the person who wrote it, I am going to pass on to you. Doubtless you all know Dr. Bradley opened a new television program the night after Christmas. Later that evening he was very pleased to receive the following telegram: "Congratulations on your new venture, Tele-

vision. Another milestone in your successful years of broadcasting. Sincerest and best wishes. (signed) Jerry Sullivan."

Jerry was the first announcer Dr. Bradley ever had when he went on the air over radio twenty-five years ago, over station WQJ; in fact, his kindly urging was responsible for Dr. Bradley's considering the question of having his church service on the air. In a way we all owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Sullivan. There has always remained a feeling of warm friendship between them.

* * *

And now I have taken from the Mail Bag an inspiring letter from a vivacious, charming lady (I determine this from her letter!) over 80 years young (and young is the word), living in Florida. To sense the personality of this woman is certainly cheering this dark day. Such interest in life and all things good and beautiful, loving travel and meeting with friends—although alone she does not speak of loneliness; her mind is too filled with an interesting outlook, and cheer and appreciation for her good health, her lovely home, happy memories of her travels, and planning more if physically equal to it—she keeps happiness in her heart, and is young at past eighty! God bless her; does one good to read her letter which follows:

"My dear Dr. Bradley: So pleased to receive your card of Nov 22nd. I feel even closer to you and to your church, and I know you both only through The Liberalist. I *did* attend a Sunday service twelve or fifteen years ago, driving to Chicago from Terre Haute.

"You may be interested to know I have lived in Florida since 1876. I was eight years of age. Father took up a homestead in this wilderness. Then Mr. DeLand of Rochester, N. Y. came and started this little city, which now has, I suppose, fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is the home of Stetson University. My family, mother, father and husband have passed on, so am alone—in a large, lovely house which can't seem to be able to give up.

"I have spent many summers in Chautauqua, N. Y., where am always happy. It's a happy meeting ground. Was told you had lectured there. Hope to go this coming summer if am physically equal to it. Have been a member of the Baptist Church since 1886—and still identified with it—and shall be to the end—too old now to make a change, or even to mention it, anyway no liberal church here. While in Chautauqua I attend the Unitarian headquarters and read their literature and that is what I am at heart. My father, Dr. G. W. Lancaster, leaned that way.

"I read about every word in The Liberalist and shall be a subscriber as long as I live—I love it. My health is good, but am handicapped because of metatarsal trouble, but do pretty well for *eighty-two*—better than the average. I've travelled considerably—Guatemala last spring.

"Shall keep in touch with you through The Liberalist and think of you with great admiration.

Very cordially,

Georgia G. Fisher"

* * *

Now we pull out another plum; a splendid letter from a "4-H girl," who writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I am a '4-H girl' and listened to your broadcast on the radio, the first for 1950. It impressed me very much. We have been talking about safety so much. I liked your talk because it seemed to bring safety home

to me. I have heard many talks on carelessness in regard to fire hazards, accidents, etc., but your talk was different.

"I have never written a letter before to someone I didn't know. I feel I know you from listening to you from the first time you were hearing about people's problems on the air.

"Your talks inspire people to better lives and happier living wherever they are heard.

"I would like to receive a copy of your whole talk, but especially the points you mentioned on safety.

"I hope you will be able to send these to me as I would like to make my 4-H Safety Talk along these lines.

"I am not a very good writer and it is hard for me to express my deep appreciation in listening to your talks, but I know you will someday gain a rich reward for your services.

"Thank you very much
Yours truly, with best regards,
Betty Mercier"

Our newspapers, so filled with the tragedies in which youth figures, should have some letters like the foregoing to encourage us with the fact that all the young people are not alike—not all bad, far from it!

* * *

Here again is a marvelous woman with 98 years to her credit, who refuses to retire until she hears Dr Bradley's ten o'clock broadcast! We appreciate Mrs Kramer's writing us about this young old lady who must be a very interesting person. And also telling us about her own twin sons, whom Dr. Bradley christened twenty-one years ago. Doctor enjoys hearing of the children he has christened growing up into fine young men and women, taking their place in the world and making their parents proud of them! Mrs. Kramer's letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Last week we visited in Chicago. Mrs. Louise Hawk, who is 75 years old, was present and told us her mother, Mrs. Louise Gau, who is 98 years old, refuses to retire until after your ten o'clock broadcast on WGN. They have listened to you and attended your church many times in the past.

"Twenty-one years ago you christened my twin sons at my mother's home on Dover Street. They are now seniors at Beloit College, as biology majors. Their father who was ill at the time they were christened passed on when the twins, James and John, were seventeen months old.

"We drove in twice this fall to hear and see you in person at your church. I thought you'd be especially interested to hear of Mrs. Hawk and her mother, Mrs. Gau.

Sincerely,
(Mrs. R. H.) Anna B. Kramer."

* * *

A Christmas card we received from a Mrs. Schaefer carried her message inside. She tells us she has listened via radio to Dr. Bradley over twenty years; such a lovely message I want to share it with you:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: On Christmas I like to greet people who have helped me during the year. Your sermons and other broadcasts have been a great inspiration to me. In November I accompanied my husband to Chicago. We drove up on Sunday and that night we had the great privilege of hearing and seeing you preach at the Peoples Church.

"I have listened to you on the air for more than 20 years and we heard you one time when you gave the talk at a high school commencement at Pekin, but this was my first visit to the Peoples Church in Chicago.

"Some twenty years ago a neighbor

of mine (we lived on a farm then near Tremont), urged me to listen to you. She said, 'He doesn't preach so much about the hereafter; he tries to teach the people how to make this a better place to live right here on earth.' And so I've listened at every opportunity since and I've told, oh, so many of my friends too!

"Thank you, Dr. Bradley, and may you live long to carry on your blessed work.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Anton P. Schaefer,
Greenville, Illinois."

* * *

A friend and listener, Mr. Herbert S. Simpson, of Evanston, sent Dr. Bradley this poem by an unknown author:

"We go this way but once, O friend of mine,
So why not make the journey well worth while,
Giving to those who travel with us
A helping hand, a word of cheer, a smile?

We go this way but once. Ah! never more
Can we go back along the selfsame way,
To get more out of life, undo the wrongs,
Or speak love's words we knew but did not say.
We go this way but once. Then let us make
The road we travel blossomy and sweet
With helpful, kindly deeds and tender words,
Smoothing the path of bruised and stumbling feet."

* * *

And this one too, from Mr. and Mrs. Cade, who wrote on their greeting:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: We are strangers to you, as far as you are concerned, but we listen to you often and visit your church whenever we are in Chicago. You are a very great inspiration to my husband. He will go to all length of inconvenience to listen to you, for which I am glad.

"This Christmas we are thankful for you, and may God give you strength to carry on. F.C."

* * *

Well, we have had a good time after all, haven't we? And there is so much more I should like to put in, but space forbids. Please remember to write, and

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

DECEMBER

1—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Memorial Hall, Chicago Public Library
2—Radio Address. WGN (El Tr.)
WGN. Cut record
Address Annual Conservation Award Dinner, Milwaukee
4—Two services. Peoples Church
5—Radio Address. WGN
6—Radio Address WGN
Address. Annual Dinner I.W.L.A. First Presbyterian Church
7—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Sick Calls
8—Radio Address. WGN
9—Radio Address. WGN
Morning Radio Address. WGN
Conference with Mr. Hilton, of West. Unitar. Conf.

11—Two services, Peoples Church
12—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Testimonial Dinner to Com. Donald B. MacMillan Bismark Hotel
13—Radio Address. WGN
Cut record with Emmett Dedmon, Lit. Ed., Chicago Sun-Times for "Meet the Author" program
Autographed records at Hirsch Clothing Co.
Attended lecture of Com. Donald B. MacMillan
14—Radio Address, WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
15—Radio Address. WGN
Conf. with Com. Eugene F. McDonald, Jr., Pres., Zenith Corporation
Address. Graduate Class Chicago Public Schools, Americanization Class, Chicago Historical Society
16—Radio Address. WGN
Annual Award Luncheon. Chicago Council Against Racial Discrim.
18—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Candle Light Service. Peoples Church
19—Radio Address WGN
Candle Light Service Repeated. Peo. Ch.
20—Radio Address. WGN
21—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Borrowed Time Club Oak Park, Ills.
Book Review. Peoples Church
22—Radio Address. WGN
Rehearsal, WGN-TV
Daily News Bldg.
23—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Annual Sunday School Party. Peoples Church
25—Two Services Peoples Church
26—Radio Address WGN
Opening Television B'cast WGN-TV
27—Radio Address WGN
28—Radio Address WGN
Book Lecture Peoples Church
29—Radio Address WGN
30—Radio Address WGN
Address Memorial Services Iroquois Fire Victims
Memorial Hall Public Library
31—Watch Night Service.
Peoples Church

WEDDINGS

3—Gladys Louise Stiles and William James Kehoe
Joan Ritterskamp and Frederick C. Kruse
10—Beverly B. Olsen and Alfred E. Niemann
Anna M. Lineham and Edward Sklarov
Eulalia Allen and Thomas Gutman
16—Harriet Dziekonska and Xavier Mirande
17—Patricia Lynn Lyons and Ernie Simon
Mrs. Grace Taylor and Clarence H. Mueller
Bernice Knight and Leonard Wieczorek
17—Gladys M. Freeland and John T. Phillips
20—Barbara Buckingham and Frank Carlson
21—Lucille Taylor and Richard Pratt
22—Birdie Blue and Joseph Trenchard
Zella Bonnguro and Fred Langmeyer
23—Ruth Corbett and Richard Vernon
24—Helen Cross Johnson and Seward C. Staley
29—Betty Philbrick and Francis E. Shepard

30—Ruth Jewell and
Charles W. Jewell
Lois Ziska and
Edwin Fish
Josephine DeKerf and
Keith Marshall
31—Janet Thompson and
Edward Henry Schneider

FUNERALS

5—Ray Henry Ennis
Graham H. Smith
Mrs. Margaret Cross
6—Charles N. Wheeler
7—Cova Casper
10—Lillian Grebe
Nicholas Leider
Ervin D. Shea
Walter Flandorf
14—Mrs. Hattie McLean
Louis C. Hammon
16—Elizabeth Cromie
17—L. G. Lerch
19—Bertha Dollnig
Fred Coldwell
21—Elmer Lavington
24—Mabel Jane Gray
28—Oscar P. Rubardt

CHRISTENINGS

18—Kurt Collin Olson, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Olson
Diane Lynne Luecke, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Russell Luecke
25—Robert Allen Johnson, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Johnson

The Following New Members Were Publicly Received Into The Peoples Church

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1949

Mrs. Marie Ashley
Mrs. W. C. Austin
Mrs. Opal Hazel Bennett
Mr. Albert Church
Mrs. Albert Church
(From First M.E. Church, of Cape May, New Jersey)
Mrs. Louise M. Copelin
Mrs. Mabel Emanuel
Mrs. Ed Gove
(From Fourth Presbyterian Church)
Mr. Adolf K. Jany
Mrs. Margaret Leonard
Mr. Donald G. Linn
Mrs. Ellen Lucaccioni
Mrs. Iona Mohar
Miss Helena Mohar
Miss Anna M. Olson
Mrs. Stanley Rames
Mrs. Vera Schulz
Mr. Bruce L. Simpson
Wilmette, Illinois
Miss Ruth Tilgner
(From Calvary Lutheran Church)

SUNDAY, JANUARY 1, 1950

Mr. Ernest M. Baker
Mrs. Barbara Borner
Mr. Earl T. Brouton
Miss Dorothy DiMaria
Mr. H. R. Johnson
Mrs. Walter L. Jones
(From Seventh Church of Christ, Scientist)
Mrs. Catherine Kraft
Mr. Wm. B. Langridge
Mrs. Lucile E. Martin
Lt. Don C. McGlothin, U.S.N.R.
Mr. O. Edward McIntosh
Miss Anna Morton
Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. Nordby
Miss Helen Porter
Mrs. Ida Porter
Miss Jenne E. Potter
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reagan
Mr. Wilbur R. Smith
Mrs. Phyllis Sparks
South Bend, Indiana
Mrs. Daisy S. Vennum
(From First Congregational Church of Shabbona, Illinois)

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